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Sr Henry Freeman

THE MOUSE-TRAP: OR, THE *Welsh* Engagement WITH THE MICE.

LONDON:

Printed for *Edward Pool*, at the *Half Moon* under the *Royal Exchange*, and *J. Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1709.

Willm Cooke

29936

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MUSCIPULA.

MOnticolam Britonem, qui primus vincula Muri
Finxit, & exiguum cobibebat carcere furem,
Lethalesque dolos & inextricabile fatum,
Musa, refer: Tu, Phœbe potens (nam te quoque quondam
Muribus infestum dixerunt Sminthea vates)
Sis præsens: & toi Cambrûm montibus unum
Parnassum excipiens, faveas dum pingere versu
Res tenues, humilique juvat colludere Musa.

Mus inimicum animal, prædari & vivere raptu
Suetum impune diu spolii qua innata cupido
Fusserat, erravit: sceleratam exercuit artem
Impune, & saliens hinc illinc cuncta maligno
Corrupit dente, & patinâ male tutâ in omni.
Nil erat intactum, sed ubique domesticus hostis
Assiduus convivâ aderat: non mœnia furtis
Obstare, aut sese poterant defendere vectes:
Robustæque fores: qua non data porta peredit
Ipse sibi introitum, dapibusque indulsit inemptis.

Pestis

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THE Mouſe-Trap.

MUSE ſing the *Britiſh Mountaneer*, who told
How firſt the hoſtile *Mouſe* in Bonds to hold,
Who firſt the fatal Artifice deſign'd,
And in a *Trap* the little *Thief* confin'd.
And you, oh *Phœbus*, great *Latona*'s Son,
(For you, 'tis ſaid, have been with *Mice* o'er-run)
Aſſiſt my Song, and whilſt my humble Muſe
Delights to play, and lowly Subjects chuſe
In Verſe to paint, be favourably kind,
And amongſt *Cambrian* Mountains one *Parnaſſus* find.

The hoſtile *Mouſe* accuſtomed long to prey
Wherever Appetite did prompt, would ſtray
Unpuniſh'd, long unpuniſh'd, did He lead
His wicked Life in this licentious Trade;
With nimble Speed from Place to Place he fled,
And without Fear in every *Meal-Tub* fed;
Nothing for his deſtructive Teeth could reſt,
At every Banquet a moſt conſtant Gueſt;
Strong Walls ne'er could him from his Theſts reſtrain,
And bolted Doors were interpos'd in vain;
For when and whereſoe'er he pleas'd to ſtray,
By eating thro' with eaſe he made his Way,
And on unpurchas'd Dainties riots every Day.

But

Peſtis at hæc totum dum ſerpſit inulta per orbem,
Cambria præcipue flevit : quia Caſeus illic
Multus olet, quem Mus, non æque ac plurima, libat,
Aut leviter tantum arrodit, ſed dente frequenti
Excavat, interiuſque domos ſibi ſcalpit edules.

Gens tota incenſa eſt ſuper his, rabieſque dolorque
Diſcruciant animos; frendent, juga ſumma pererrant,
Stare loco ignorant : nam Cambris prona furori
Corda dedit natura, & atroci pectora bile
Ferveſcunt; credas animos quoque ſulphure tinctos.

Ergo jubente ira dignas cum ſanguine pœnas
Sumere decretum eſt, ſed qua ratione latronem
Tam cautum opprimerent, quo vindice furta repellant
Incertum : neque felis enim tua, Cambre, tueri
Limina, nec miſeris poterat ſuccurrere rebus.
Illa quidem varias poſuit circum ora cavernæ
Inſidias, tacitoque pede ad cava limina repens
Excubias egit, fruſtra; Mus nempe puſillo
Corpore ſecurus, tanto & præſtantior hoſte
Quo minor, intentum prædæ ſi forte videret
Limine cuſtodem, retro irruit, inque receſſus
Terga dedit curvos, atque invia ſaxa petit.

Inde

But while the World this general Plague did bear,
Cambria lamented her unequal Share;
Drawn thither by the powerful Scent of *Cheeſe*
Which *Mice* prefer to other Rareties;
Who, tho' by gentle Paces they attack,
Yet frequent Niblings ſoon an Entrance make
To th' very Bowels of a *Cheeſe* they ſpeed,
And all intrench'd in *Eatables* lye hid.

At this the Nation kindles into Rage,
Alternate Paſſions fiercely they engage;
Deſpair and Sorrow now aſſume their Turn,
And now with an impetuous Fury burn,
Not knowing how to reſt, or where,
Gnaſhing their Teeth they to their Hills repair,
And with ſtrange Outcries rend the Paſſive Air.
Such Tempers Nature on the *Welch* beſtow'd
Soon fir'd with Paſſion, and with Gall o'erflow'd,
Which in their Breaſts ſuch Ebullitions make
You'd think their Souls of Sulphur too partake.
Urg'd thus with Indignation, 'tis decreed
For dire Revenge; the hated Foe muſt bleed:
But how the wary Enemy to ſeize,
And, for the future, ſave their dear beloved *Cheeſe*
Excites new Troubles ——

Thy *Cat*, oh *Taffy!* gives thee no Relief,
Nor ſaves thy Treaſure from that hungry Thief;
Tho' oft indeed in Ambuſcade ſhe lyes,
About their Holes with ſilent Watch ſhe plies,
And all the ſubtil Arts of Miſchief tries.
'Tis all in vain, the little Foe ſecure
By being ſmall, can ſtrait himſelf immure,
And cloſe intrench'd in *Cheeſe* defy poor *Puſs*'s Pow'r;

Tho'

Inde caput metuens iterum proferre, nec ausus
Excursus tentare novos, dum castra moveret
Hostis: & omne aberat vigili cum fele periclum.

Cambria sic olim (liceat componere Muri)
Victorem elusit, cum jam, domito orbe, Britannos
Imperio adjecit Cæsar. Sic nempe recessit
Ad latebras gens tota, & inexpugnabile vallum,
Montes. Sic sua saxa inter, medioque ruinæ
Delituit tuta, & desperans vincere, vinci
Noluit, hinc priscos memorant longo ordine patres
Indomitasque crepant terras, linguæque senectam.

Felinos igitur postquam Mus sæpius ungues
Fugerat, & Britoni spes non erat inde salutis,
Concilium accitur, supremo in limine terræ,
Littus ad Hesperium, qua nunc Menevia plorat
Curtatos Mitræ titulos, & nomen inane
Semisepultæ urbis. Properant, hinc inde frequentes
Patresque procereſque & vdorum sulphure vulgus.

Tum senior, cui sæpe suis in montibus hircus
Prolixam invidit barbam; atque pra manusque
Fœda incrustavit scabies, sic gutture rauco
Præcipitans balbas voces: non, inquit, ape to
De Bello, sed furto agitur; non externus hostis,
At majus gravius q; malum, minus intimus hospes
Compulit hus populum; dominabitur usque Tyran
Ultus patulans? Vos ergo Patres Venerabilis ordo,
cui

Tho' then he dares not his Recess forsake,
Nor any hostile Depredations make
'Till *Puss* decamps, and Danger disappears,
He re-assumes his Courage and forgets his Fears.
So *Cambria* heretofore ———
With the same Cunning from the Victor fled,
When *Cæsar* o're the World his Empire spread;
The Terror of his dreadful Force to shun,
Just so, into their Clifts and Caves they run,
Enclos'd with Rocks, just so they lay secure;
And manfully withstood the *Roman* Power.
Hence of unconquer'd Ancestors they boast,
Of *Language* and a *Country* never lost.

But since from *Puss's* Wiles the Thief escapes,
And disappoints thereby the Nations hopes;
A Councel's call'd, ith' utmost borders of the Land,
Where good St. *Taff* o're looks th' *Hesperian* Strand,
Lamenting the half mouldred Pride of *Wales*,
And his lost *Mitre* with regret bewails.
Thither the Sulphur Scented Crowd repair,
With Chiefs and Fathers on this grand Affair.

A Senior then whose mighty Beard had bred
Envy in every Goat that on his Mountains fed;
With Hands and Face by loathsome Itch o're-ran,
From his hoarse Throat this Stammering Speech began:
'Tis not, my Friends, with Foreign Foes to treat,
That in this great Assembly now we meet;
Or by a curious foresight to Prepare,
Against the Mischiefs of a Foreign War:
Too intimate a Guest has been the cause,
That hither this prodigious Concourse draws.
How long! shall a Curst *Mouse* invade our Peace,
And fearless of Repulse, thus Lord it o're our *Cheese*?

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Queis patriæ pretiosa salus, finite dolores
Consilio nostros, & si spes ulla superstet,
Propitias adhibete manus : sic Cadwaladeri
Dum clarescat honos, vestra hic quoque gloria vivet.

Dixit ; & ante oculos fragmenta & mucida tollens
Frustula, reliquias muris, monumenta rapinæ,
Exacuit Cambrorum iram : jamque anulus ardor
Vindictæ, tum laudis amor sub pectore Patrum
Arsit, inauditam meditatur quisque ruinam
Muri, & Muscipulam fere parturit omne cerebrum.

At quidem ante alios notus cognomine Taffi
Et magis ingenio celebris, cui Wallia nunquam
Æqualem peperit, faber idem, idemque Senator
Eximius, sic orsus erat. Si gloria gentis
Caseus intereat, metuo ne tota colonum
Deficiat cœna & mensæ decus omne secundæ
Divitibus pereat : quoniam ergo Wallica virtus
Et feles nequeant superare hæc monstrula; fabri
Dextera quid possit, quid machina parva, dolusque
Experiar : dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit ?

Talia

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You venerable *Bench* of Fathers here,
To whom the Welfare of your Country's dear,
If any Help our Troubles can relieve,
If any Help can your wiſe Counſels give,
All your Aſſiſtance at this Juncture lend,
And to our fatal Miſeries put an end:
So while the Honour of *Cadwallader*
To every true-born *Cambro-Britan*'s dear,
Your Glory ſhall to future Times appear.

This ſaid, and holding up before their Eyes
The mouldy Fragments of an eaten *Cheeſe*,
The horrid Spoil ſo much enrag'd the Croud,
Each honeſt Heart with Indignation glow'd,
And ſwift Deſtruction on the Author vow'd.

Now emulous of Praiſe, the *Welſh-men* ſtrive
Some yet unheard of Miſchief to contrive,
Some quaint Machine muſt the great End obtain:
A *Mouſe-Trap* is conceiv'd, almoſt in every Brain.

But one, by Name of *Taff* diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt
By all, the greateſt Wit in *Wales* confeſt,
Both *Smith* and *Senator*, th' Aſſembly thus addreſt:
If once our darling *Cheeſe* be loſt, we know
That many Supperleſs to Bed muſt go;
And you, great Senators, I fear, would miſs
The grateful Hogo's of a ſecond Diſh.
Since *Britans* Valour then, or Puſs's Wile,
Cannot the ſubtle Enemy beguile,
Without Delay I'll to my *Tools* betake,
Try what the Cunning of a Smith can make;
I'll try what Art and Stratagem can do,
For any way is lawful with a Foe.

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Talia jactantem circumstant undique fixis
Hærentes oculis, speratæque guadia læto
Murmure certatim testantur; at unde salutem
Promissam expectant quærunt, ardentque doceri.
Ille caput scalpens (nam multum scalpere Cambris
Expedit) horrendum subrisit, & ora resolvens
Talia verba refert: cum fessus membra quieti
Hesterna sub nocte dedi, & sopor altius habebat
Lumina, Mus audax, sectatus opinor odores
Quos non concoctus flagranti halavit ab ore
Caseus, accessit furtim & compage solutis
Faucibus irrepsit; jamque ipsa in viscera lapsus
Ventris opes miseras spoliare, epulisque paravit
Luxuriare meis, tacitoque in gutture pasci.
Excussus subito somnis, sub dente latronem,
Dum resilire parat, prensi, arreptumque tenebam
Mordaci laqueo. Sic ergo carcere Murem
Posse capi doctus, cito parva ergastula, mecum
Hæc meditans, statui fabricare, animoque catenas
Effinxi tales, mihi quas suggesserat oris
Captivus. Mirum O! quali regit omnia lege
Dextra arcana Jovis! quam cæcis passibus errat
Causarum series! nobis Mus ipse salutem
Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante dolores
Tollere jam docuit: neve hunc habuisse Magistrum
Vos pudeat Patres; fas est vel ab hoste doceri.

Hæc ubi dicta, domum repetit, commixtantur euntem
Plaudentes populi, atque benigna laboribus optant
Omnia. Tum celeri sua quisque ad limina cursu

Nuncius

This said, the gazing Croud around him press,
And their Applause with loud Huzza's express;
But all with eager Expectation wait
To learn from whence a Blessing shou'd proceed so great.
Scratching his Head, (by *Welsh-men* often done,
A rare Expedient for Invention known)
With awkard Snear he gap'd, and thus went on.

No longer since last Night with Toil oppress'd,
Soon as I laid my weary Limbs to rest,
A daring Mouse, (as near as I can guess,
Led thither by the fragrant Scent of *Cheese*,
Which indigested from my Mouth exhal'd,
And the sly *Miscreant* with its Steams regal'd)
Into my Mouth did creep, hoping to meet
With a rich Banquet in that close Retreat;
But waking as the *Mouse* his *Exit* sought,
Between my Teeth the nimble Thief I caught.
Instructed thus, my Friends, I don't despair
Forthwith some cunning Engine to prepare
That may just so our deadly Foe insnare.

Oh wondrous strange! ——
That mighty *Jove* should thus his Care bestow,
And rule Events which do from second Causes flow.
This *Mouse* unknown has our Deliverance wrought
At the same time He our Destruction sought:
And you, most learned *Sirs*, will not disdain
Ev'n from a Foe Instructions to obtain.

As soon as *Taff* had finish'd his Harangue,
Th' applauding Populace about him hang,
And to his House with noisy Clamours lead,
Wishing some great Event the Omen might succeed.

Each

Nuncius it, Laribusque refert quæ munera Taffi
Ingenio speranda forent: dumque ordine narrant
Omnia, dumque Deis, ut tanta incepta secundent,
Vota ferunt; monitæ præsago pectore feles
Plus solito lusere, & si fas credere fanda)
Sub manibus matrum saliere coagula Lactis.

Interea Taffi manibusque animoque vicissim
Instat magno operi, & divina Palladis arte
Muscipulam edificat; fit machina mira, novaque
Induitur vultus specie tragi-comica moles.

Quin age, si tibi Musa vacat, spectacula pandas
Infantæ fabricæ, & percurrens singula, totam
Compagem expedias. Quadrati lamina tigni
Summum imumque tegit: filorum ferreus ordo
Munit utrumque latus, parvisque uti fulta columnis
Stat domus: introitus patet insidiosus, amicum
Moribus hospitium ostentans, sed desuper horret
Janua, perniciem meditans, tenuique ruina
Suspensa est filo: (usque adeo sua stamina parcæ
Dicunt Muri etiam & pendent fata omnia filo)
Suprema tabulæ media de parte bisulco
Vertice stat lignum erectum, cui parvula trabes
Transversim posita inseritur, justeque librata
Utrinque extendit palmas, quarum altera quantum
Deprimitur, tantum annexam levat altera portam.

Interiore

Each then to his own Home with ſpeed repairs,
And to his Family the joyful Meſſage bears:
All tell the Wonders they from *Taffy* expect,
And pray the *Gods* his Labours to direct;
Even *Puſs* her ſelf at the Preſage looks gay,
And in new Pleaſures ſports the Time away.
And (if loud Fame may be believ'd) 'tis ſaid,
That as the Houſe-wife at the *Cheeſe-Fat* ſtay'd,
Under her Hands the *Curd* was ſeen to ſwell,
And leaping up its Infant-joys did tell.

Taffy mean while nor Sleep nor Reſt enjoy'd,
But Head and Hands at the great Work imploy'd,
Until by the divine *Minerva*'s Aid
He had with wondrous Skill a *Mouſe-Trap* made.

But, *Muſe*, go on, and with peculiar Care
The *new-born Fabrick* to deſcribe prepare;
With the firſt Traces of its Form begin,
And carefully tell o'er the whole Machine.

Firſt, two ſquare *Trenchers* o'er each other laid
At equal Diſtance, Top and Bottom made;
Theſe Rows of Iron Wire compaſs'd round
Juſt as a Houſe that does on Pillars ſtand;
Its treacherous Entrance does open lye,
And boaſts a friendly Hoſpitality;
But the deſtructive Door hangs over Head,
Suſpending Ruin by a ſlender Thread;
(For all Events the *Deſtinies* command,
And e'en a *Mouſe*'s Life does on a *Thread* depend.)
A forked Stick on th' upper Part does riſe,
On which another lyes in equal poize;
One End of this the more you do depreſs,
The other will the fatal Wicket raiſe.

From

Interiore domo, per tecti exile foramen
Demissum pendet ferrum, quod mobile ludit
Huc illuc facili vulsa: curvatur in hamum
Infima pars, escamque tenet, pars altera trabem
Extremam leviter premit, at dimittere rursus
Non dubitat minimum quamprimum senserit illum.

His ita dispositis, pendentem protinus hamum
Induit insidiis Taffi, exitiosaque Muri
Ipsa alimenta facit. Sed quo fragrantior esset
Caseus, & Mures invitet longius escam
Fatalem torret flammis, vimque addit odori.
Et jam nox memoranda aderat, cum fessa cubili
Membra levans Taffi, juxta pulvinar amicam
Muscipulam statuit, fidoque satellite tutus
Indulsit facili somno: gens improba, Mures
Interea exiliunt læti, nocteisque silentis
Præsidia confisi errant: tum naribus acer
Mus quidam, Dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis
Castra inimica petit, quo grato flamine tostus
Caseus allexit. Venienti prima resistunt
Clathra, aditumque negant, sed turpem ferre repulsam
Ille indignatus, munimina ferrea circum
Cursitat, & crispat nasum, introitumque sagaci
Explorat barba; jamque irremeabile limen
Ingressus, votique potens, tristem arripit escam,
Exitiumque vorat lætus, totiusque ruina.

Taffi,

From this thro' a ſmall Hole does downward paſs
A ſlender Wire moveable and looſe,
The lower Part of which turns up again,
And forms a Hook which does the Bait ſuſtain;
The upper End being ſlightly faſten'd to
The tranſverſe Beam, with Eaſe its hold lets go,
And dropping down the Door, ſecures the nibleing Foe.

Things order'd thus, *Taffy* with greateſt Care
Does on the pendent Hook his Bait prepare;
And that he might the greater Juſtice prove,
Such he contriv'd which beſt the *Micians* love:
But that his *Cheeſe* might make the better Treat,
And prove by its ſtrong Scent a more inticing Bait,
He toaſts the fragrant Morſel in the Flame,
Which a moſt luſhious Diſh thereby became.

And now the memorable Night draws on,
When *Taff* to reſt his weary Limbs lyes down,
His Guardian Trap juſt by his Pillow plac'd,
Sleep's gentle Cords tye down his Eyes to reſt,
When ſoon a wicked *Band* of *Mice* appear,
And truſting to the Night for Spoil prepare:
But one, a famous Leader of the Field,
Who in the Niceneſs of his Scent excell'd,
Puſh'd on by his own Fate, did take his Way
Where the well-ſcented *Cheeſe* in Ambuſh lay:
The Iron Grate reſiſts his firſt Attack;
But ſcorning a Repulſe ſo foul to take,
He twirls his Noſe, and ſagely cocks his Chin,
And ſcours round the fortify'd Machine;
'Till he at laſt his Wiſhes does obtain,
And enters —— never to return again.
With haſty Joy he ſeizes on his Prey;
And tho' unknown, does with his Ruin play.

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Taffi, exaudito ſtrepitu, quem pendula porta
Lapſa dedit, cubito erigitur, thalamoque triumphans
Exilit, impatiens diſcendi quis novus hoſpes
Venerat. Interea furit intus ridiculus Mus,
Et fronte & pedibus pugnat, jamque intervallis
Clathrorum caput impingit, ferrumque fatigat
Dentibus inſanis. Sic olim in retia Marſus
Actus aper fremit horrendus, ſinuoſaque quaſſat
Vincula, ludibrium catulis: diffuſa per arvos
It ſpuma, arrectæque horrent in pectore ſetæ.

Poſtera lux oritur, decurrunt montibus altis
Præcipites Cambri, nam cunctas venit ad aures
Res nova. Quippe Aſinus, ſolita gravitate remiſſa,
Et jam pigritiæ oblitus, laſcivior hædo
Aſcendit montem; quo rauco gutture Cambrum
Præconem ſimulans, ter diſtorto ore rudebat,
Ter ſonuit te, Taffi, & publica dixit amicis
Gaudia. Bubo etiam (Cambrorum dictus ab illo
Tempore Legatus) per compita ubique per urbes
Tota nocte errans, roſtrum ferale feneſtris
Stridulus impegit, cecinitque inſtantia Muris
Funera. Parturiunt montes, atque agmine denſo
Pembrochiæ multis ruit incola Merviniæque;
Quique tenet Bonium; & Mariduni mœnia vate.

Inclyta

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Rous'd from his Slumber by the falling Door,
Taffy ſprings up, and leaps upon the Floor,
Impatient yet to learn what new-come Gueſt
Had dar'd already to diſturb his Reſt.

Th' intangl'd *Mouſe* ſoon kindles into Rage,
And with his Claws attacks the Iron Cage;
Now with his Teeth he at the Wire flies,
Then with his Head between the Bars he tries.

With the ſame Fury ſo the *Sythian Boar*,
When taken in the Toils, moſt dreadfully does roar;
With the ſame Rage he ſhakes the Toils in vain,
Sport of the Dogs, and Paſtime of the Plain;
His briſle'd Creſt does a ſtrange Horror yield,
And chafing throws his Foam about the Field.

Soon as the Sun had rais'd his Beamy Head,
And o'er the Hills his riſing Luſtre ſpread,
The *Cambrian*'s hurry'd by a ſtrange Alarm
In noiſy Tumults from their Mountains ſwarm:
An Aſs his wonted Gravity forgot,
And climbs a Hill as nimble as a Goat;
Thrice his diſtorted Chaps he there diſplay'd,
And thrice from his hoarſe Throat like a *Welſh Cryer* bray'd.
Three Times he joy'd his happy Neighbours round,
And thrice the ecchoing Hills great *Taffy*'s Name reſound.
The Owl too, (call'd ſince then the *Welſh Ambaſſador*)
As Fields and Towns that Night ſhe rambl'd o'er,
Buffets the Windows with her deadly Wings,
And in loud Shrieks th' approaching Funeral ſings.

The Mountoins Teem, and Crouds of *Welſh* appear
From *Bangor*, *Merioneth*, and *Pembrokeſhire*;

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Inclyta Merlino; veniunt fœcunda Glamorgan
Quos alit, & Vagæ potor, rigiduſque colonus
Gomerici montis. Tum circumſtante corona
Illudit capto Taffi, iratumque laceſſans,
Nequicquam luctaris, ait, damnaberis aræ
Victima prima meæ, memorique hæc limina tinges
Sanguine; ſpes nulla eſt, retro fugientibus obſtant
Non exoriandi portes; dabis, improbe pœnas
Pro meritis, vitamque ſimul cum carcere linques.

Vix ea fatus erat, cum ludicra felis aprico
Culmine deſiliit tecti, quo ſæpe ſolebat
Cruribus extenſis molli langueſcere luxu;
Aſpicit inſtantem captivus, & erigit aures,
Gibboſoque riget tergo, nec limen apertum
Jam tentare audet. Sed in ipſo carcere ſolam
Spem libertatis ponens, ſua vincula prenſat,
Unguibus hamatis pedibuſque tenacibus hæret;
Excutitur tamen, & felis rapidiſſime prædæ
Involat, ac fruſtra luctantem evadere ſævo
Implicat amplexu, crudeliaque oſcula figit.

Nulla

From *Marden*, (who their *Wizard Merlin* boaſt)
And cold *Gomercian Hills*, all ſtiff with Froſt;
From the rich Fields of great *Glamorgan* ſome,
And others from the Banks of *Vaga* come.

Soon as the Croud a decent Ring had made,
Taffy began his Priſ'ner to upbraid,
And urging his fierce Anger, thus he ſaid:
In vain alas for Liberty you try,
For 'tis reſolv'd this Moment you ſhall die,
And on my Altar the firſt Victim lye:
As a Memorial of our Country's Good,
Theſe Doors ſhall be ſprinkled with thy Blood.
No Glimpſe of Hope, vile *Miſcreant*, now remains,
Th' inexorable Bars thy Flight reſtrain;
For thy vile Deeds thou ſhalt Attonement make,
And with thy Lite thy Priſon too forſake.

Scarce this had honeſt *Taffy* ſpoke, but ſoon
From the Houſe-top a nimble *Cat* leaps down,
Where with extended Limbs ſhe often lay,
And in the Sunſhine bask'd her Time away.
The Priſ'ner ſees her, and with prick'd up Ears
raiſes his Back, and ſtiffens with his Fears;
He dares not now approach the open Door,
But thinks his cloſe Confinement moſt ſecure;
Strongly he does the friendly Wires imbrace,
And there all his Hopes of Safety place:
But from his hold they ſhake him ſoon away.
Swiftly the watchful *Cat* flies on her Prey,
And in her griping Claws the Foe detains,
While ſtriving to eſcape he ſtrives in vain.

No Reſts allow'd, *Puſs* can't her Joys conceal,
But o'er the Conquer'd *purs*, and waves her Tail;

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Nulla datur requies, agili ſub numine cauda
Gaudia teſtatur victrix, & flexile corpus
Laſcivo verſans ſaltu, modo corpore prono
Attente invigilat Muri; modo colla benignis
Unguiculis leniter pectans, mentitur amorem
Dum lacerare parat: varia ſic arte jocoſam
Barbariem exercet, lepidaque tyrannide ludit.
At nugis tandem defeſſa, nec amplius iram
Diſſimulans, acuit dentes, & more leonis
Impaſti incumbit prædæ: jam pectore ab imo
Murmurat, & tremulos artus, & ſparſa cruore
Viſcera dilaniat. Plebs circumfuſa cruorem
Inviſum aſpiciens, lætis clamoribus implent
Æthera, clamoreſque Echo, Cambræ incola terræ,
Læta refert; reſonant Plinlimmonis ardua moles
Et Brecbin & Snowdon; vicina ad ſidera fertur
Pluuſius, & ingenti ſtrepit Offæ foſſæ tumultu.
Tu, Taffi, æternum vives, tua munera Cambri
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotieſque revolvitur annus
Te memorant: patrium gens tota tuetur honorem.
Et cingunt viridi redolentia tempora Porro.

FINIS.

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In gentle Flexures now her Body bends,
And couchant now the panting Prey attends;
Then with diſſembling Paws ſhe pawms him o'er,
And Frienſhip feigns, altho' reſolv'd to devour:
Thus various Methods wantonly ſhe tries,
Revels in Blood, and ſports in Cruelties.
But tir'd at length with trifling Time away,
Her kindling Anger brooks no longer ſtay,
But like a hungry Lyon cloſes with her Prey;
A ſurly Growl the dire Reſolve portends,
Without Remorſe his reeking Bowels rends,
And mangled Limbs the dreadful Conflict ends.

No ſooner did the long expecting Croud
See the Diffuſion of that hated Blood,
But joyful Clamours o'er the Mountains riſe,
And Peals of hideous Shoutings reach the Skies.
Echo, (who keeps in *Wales* her ancient Seat)
The loud Huzza's from Hill to Hill repeats,
To diſtant Borders bears the mighty Sound,
And beats the joyful Replications round.
Brechin, and *Snowdon*, and *Phinliminon*
Ring with Sound, and drive it further on;
Even Stars are reach'd by the ſtupendious Voice,
And *Offa*'s Ditch reſounds the dreadful Noiſe.

Oh, *Taffy!*
May ever be thy Works ſecure to Fame,
And *Cambria* ever celebrate thy Name.
Oft as the Sun brings round the circling Year,
May they remember thee, their great Deliverer:
May then her Sons their Country's Glory ſpeak,
And bind their ſcented Temples with a verdant *Leek*.

I S.

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